SELECTED FOR MEN MAINLY,

Two Columns of Facts and Gossip About Women and Their Ways.

POLISHED MINDS AND NEATNESS

Medical Women and Their Rusbands -Some Things a Girl Should Learn -Remunerative Work - Right Kind of Woman's Rights,

A Fair Florentine.

Eugene Davis. She hath eyes that shame the night,
Deep and mystic, dark with doom,
Rich in thought, alive with light
When the passion flowers bloom.
And her lips are scarlet red, Mute, and motionless and calm,
Till a score of kisses shed
Love's elixir on their balm.
Soft and downy is her breast, Tranquil as a virgin rose, low to rock in wild unrest, Like an ocean in its throes. Bella, Bella,

Graziella, Queen where Arno's river flows. Brow of snow and face of fire;
Brow of snow and face of fire;
Tuneless is the singing lark
When she strikes her silver lyre;
Arno's speech is not as sweet
As the music of her voice
When she runs to meet and greet
The Luci of her choice

The Luigi of her choice. Myhrr and oleander dells Bloom with beauties rare to see; Yet within their shadow dwells Not a fairer nymph than she;
Bella, Bella,
Graziella,
Heart and heaven throb for thee.

Florence bath more stately dames, Garbed in silk and decked with lace. Garbed in silk and decked with lace
But they lack the living flames
Sweeping o'er her cherub face.
Plain-robed lasses often are
Each a more bewitching prize
Than the blue-velned proudest star
Gleaming from palatial skies.
Viva Bacco! Tap the cask!
We will drink this health of thine We will drill with a flask of the ruddy Tuscan wine, Bella, Bella,

Graziella, Maid of maidens, Florentine!

The Neatest Women in the World. New York Times. Somebody who has traveled extensively has been talking in a Denyer paper about American women who, he declares, are the neatest the world over. As a rule, they like to be neat and clean for the comfort of it, though they are sometimes found to be come slatterns when placed where they believe themselves unknown and therefore The habit of neatness or its opposite is The habit of neatness or its opposite is The free from criticism, He goes on to say: an interesting study in women. characteristic naturally exists just the same in men, but the circumstances governing their lives are such as do not bring out this phase in such pronounced fashion. I don't doubt but that some of the greatest slatterns on earth are men, but they are seldom found out, you know. If you are sufficiently intimate with a gentleman to gain access to his apartment youwill soon have a very excellent method of judging his habits. If you find his brushes full of hair and lint, his towels and soiled clothes kicking about every-where, with a bowl of dirty water always on his washstand, you may easily judge that he will go out into the street with grease spots on his clothes and half-soiled linen on,"

The Higher Education of Women Sidney Smith demonstrated seventy five years ago certain theorems relating to higher education. These are some of

"There is no just cause why a womau of forty should be more ignorant than a boy of twelve years of age."
"When learning ceases to be uncom-

mon among women, learned women will cease to be affected." Nothing can be more perfectly absurd than to suppose that the care and perpetual solicitude which a mother teels for her children depend upon her ignorance of Greek and mathematics, and that she would desert an infant for

a quadratic equation." 'Among men of sense and liberal politeness a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners is always sure to meet with respect and attention bordering upon en-

Medical Women and Their Husbands. New York Medical Journal: In a recent number of Lyon Medical we find an account, quoted from Petit Marsellais, a domestic contention between a lady practitioner of medicine and her husband, which has led to proceedings before one of the courts. The action turns upon the question of a husband's legal right to open and read the letters received by his wife. The husband in this case prays the court to affirm his right to do so, and the wife asks that he be restrained from taking such liberty. points as stated by the parties to the suit show a sort of hand-to-hand conflict grievous to contemplate from the domespoint of view, but one that, it is not difficult to imagine, may readily arise between other medical women and their husbands, and one that is therefore of interest to a rapidly increasing section of

The lady states that it is a matter of every-day experience for her to receive written communications from her patients, and that in many instances they are of such a nature that professional secreey is violated if they are read by her husband, who, she says, consented to her becoming a physician, and should have taken the consequences into account. She could no more think, she adds, of taking him into her confidence in such matters than of allowing him to witness her private examinations of patients. The husband replies that he would resign himself if it were only from women gets them from men also. She then asks him if she ever agreed to restrict her bractice to women. "No," he mildly practice to women. "No," he mildly answers, "but what about propriety and modesty?" "Everything," the wife rety?" "Everything," the wife re-'vanishes in the interest of humanity and science. I have dissected male as well as female subjects. I am blase regards your sex, as I am indifferent to the other. To me man is nothing more than a subject of observation."
"That," says the husband, "I cannot admit. Since you pretend to love me, or to have loved me, it is evident that your studies have not made you indifferent. I have reason to believe that you are not incapable of sentiment. I fear that your imagination will get the betthat your imagination will get the better of your science, and that some new, unknown man will set your heart or nerves quivering as the result of confidences and visits." "You would forbid my practising my profession," says she. "No," says he, "I would only take part in it with you to a reasonable extent. I ask not to practice medicine, but I must watch over you as I vowed before the civil magistrate. I owe you aid and protection. How can I protect you if I know not the dangers that threaten you? I will tell nobody what I may read, but I insist on reading everything. Since many women write a masculine hand, just as many men write a feminine hand, I can one from the other only by break ing the seal of every missive, and leaving

none unexamined."

In his heart this solicitous husband seems to feel the weakness of his case on seems to feel the weakness of his case on general principles, for he seeks to justify his course by citing one of the letters he had opened, the letter in question being one that was not a request for a prescription. It is to be inferred that it was something quite different. But even that does not allence the lady. "Yes," she mys, "I have a melancholic patient, one who is disgusted with life and asks me to

would love; he is searching after love and is in despair that he does not meet with it. As his languishing state is con-nected with hereditary tendencies, and as I think the best way of bringing him back to a wholesome mode of life lies in avoiding abruptness, I do not talk medieine to him in our interviews, and in his etters he answers me with sentiment. Must physicians be accused of leading their patients on to love them, because they humor their illusions before giving they humor their illusions before giving them drugs? Any woman may be faithless, as any man may be victorious, but if I were an actress, an artist, or simply a woman of independent means, unemployed, passing my days alone, I should be quite as much exposed, if not more so, as in leading a life that shows me humanity in all its miseries and in its injuries. You would have these correspondents to look over miseries and in its injuries. You would have less correspondence to look over have less correspondence to look over, but you would have more equivocal interviews to break up. It is because I have made myself estimable, by working, by acquiring knowledge, by trying to do good, that I am exposed to the injury of your suspicions? At bottom it is not of my frailties that you are jealous, but of my dignity and my importance. If I were a frivolous nonentity I should possess your confidence, being a useful and soriyour confidence; being a useful and seri ous woman, but less easy to deceive, I awaken your distrust. You are afraid of becoming my inferior, and you are try-ing tyranny to preserve the balance."

The connubial tie having been strained to the degree exemplified in this state of antagonism it may make little difference to the parties to the suit how the court decides, but the decision can scarcely fail to come up in the minds of female practitioners of medicine meditating matrimony or in those of husbands called upon to consent to their wives studying Some Things a Girl Should Learn.

New Orleans Picayone: A girl of ten years of age should, if her parents can possibly afford it, be taught the value of money by having a certain stated allow-ance. She should have her own pocket-book and her own money, and whether the sum be great or small it would be invaluable lessons in practical economy; in how to spend money and how not to spend it, and in respectful self-depend-ence. With her pin money she should be expected to pay her own car fare, buy her own gloves and coltars and "no generally, do her own "treating, and be in fact her own financier. In no other way can she be so successfully taught the proper value of money. girl who never has any money of her own who must ask papa every time she wants ten cents for car fare or money for a new ruching, is a poor, spiritless creature, robbed of considerable individuality and deserving of pity. Unless she marries a manager she will probably be that most humiliated of all women, a beggar-wife, who has to coax, cajole, beg money from her husband, explain piteously what she does with it, and made to feel all the misery of unjust dependence. A girl should be taught the responsibility of possessing things. She should realize the full import of that old familiar saying, "What's mine is my own." The loss of elf-preservation makes a man most careful of things that are his own. A girl's books, pets, flowers, toys, ornaments should be her own to do with as she wills, for which she will be responsible to her own conscience. She should be made as early as possible a responsible agent, and taught to rely on herself, to do for herself, to buy for herself. If her taste in dress is bad, improve it by kindly criticism and loving advice. Do not foster helplessness by assuming for her her re-sponsibilities. There was a time when sponsionities. There was a time when sickly or delicate young women, who fainted easily and could not get a whole strawberry into their dear little mouths, were all the fashion in womanhood. In those days it was vulgar for a young woman to say she was hungry or to eat with a wholesome relish and a good sensible appetite if gentle-men were present. Girls aimed to look languid, and were vain that they could not walk, and were not strong enough for any greater physical exertion than standing at the front gate for three or four hours at a time talking to a young Those days are gone by forever Healthy, wholesome, energetic, agile, strong young women are the fashion. Fainting is as much out of date as a coal scuttle bonnet. The girl of to-day is not afraid to let her best young man see her eat a dozen fried oysters. She will walk with him from Canal street to Carrollton and back and be less "blown" than he at the end of the trip. In fact, helpless women are out of style; they no longer exist, even in the novels. The wisest mother is she who to-day is helping her beautiful, sweet, and modest young girls

woman's lot. Remunerative Work for Women. To find remunerative work for women says a writer in the Queen, is one of the problems of the day, a problem not likely to be solved while women, as a rule, want "to eat their cake and have it." But I am strongly of opinion that there is plenty of work for those who will do it. With regard to painting as a re-munerative employment, I am convinced that in the ordinary way it is hopeless. Elizabeth Thompson, the sisters Montalba, Mme. Jerichan, Kate Greenaway, and a few others (alas! very few) have achieved fame, and doubtless with the fame something more substantial. Those who are gifted with like talent should work hard, and in due time they will reap an ample reward. But alas! there are not many with such talents-fewer have the necessary advantages, and still fewer have the high courage, indomitable perseverance and patient industry to accomplish great things. Painting in the ordinary way, on satin or china or terra-cotta, is a very agreeable and re-fined amusement, but for profit it is hope less. I therefore advise all women who are wishing to increase their small means to abandon all hope of doing so by paintng, unless their talent is of very excep tional order and they have industry and perseverance to match.

to become brave and self-reliant women,

not bold nor forwardly self-assertive, but

surely not afraid to face any of the duties

and dangers and responsibilities of a

Needlework is a very different thing; long experience has taught me that, the hands of a good worker, needlework can be and is remunerative. I have no doubt that this sentiment, uttered on a platform, would evoke loud cries of "No no!" and the "shricking sisterhood" especially would be loudly indignant; but nothing would shake my conviction, and I should know that their unbelief was the unbelief of ignorance. The great and indeed the only bar to success the workers themselves; there are so few women who are really accomplished needlewomen, most of them have very elementary ideas upon the subject. I have lately had to do with a "ladies' work society;" and I found, with scarcely an exception, that the workers were unmerical unbusynessible, and very unpunctual, unbusinesslike, and very unskillful. They would bring claborate pieces of work (not always well done) for sale at very high prices, and think themselves very hardly used if we did not receive it rapturously and sell it at once; whereas if we wanted anything done to order, or a piece of work finished, it was quite a task to find a worker whom we could trust. The very few workers to be depended upon always had more work

than they could accomplish, and could within certain limits command their own Then, again, women, as a rule, ashamed to let it be known that they work for money. To employ them assumes a quasi-charitable aspect quite detrimental to success, which very greatly increases the difficulty of the position. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon that honest labor, conscientiously performed is a matter of pride, and that until all namby-pamby ideas to the con-

trary are swept away it will be impossi-ble to help women in the battle of life. Another point that has struck me very forcibly in connection with this matter— viz: that women never look beyond the present; have no idea of learning any-thing, unless it be of immediate use; never seem to think that such and such an experience may be of untold value in the future, but fancy that at once they are to earn their living in some ladylike way without much trouble. They forget that there are thousands of other women similarly placed, all lool ing but for the same thing—viz.: a com-fortable home, good salary and nothing to do! I know some girls whose father, a general officer, died suddenly, leaving only a small provision for his large family. The five daughters, with praise-worthy determination, decided that they worthy determination, decided that they would earn their own living, that the mother might have sufficient for herself and the three boys, who were much younger and still to be placed in life. Alas! the determination went no further. They all thought, "We should like to be a companion to a lady. We are not very strong, and we think we could do that." But they could not advertise. O no-too much publicity, as if people could obtain what they want without publicity.

The Naughty Little Girl. Samuel Minturn Peck.
She is cunning, she is tricky.
I am greatly grieved to tell.
And her hands are always sticky
With chocolate caramel;
Her dolly's battered features Tell of many a frantic hurl; She's the terror of her teachers,

That naughty little girl! She dotes upon bananas.
And she smears them on my knees.
And she peppers my Havanas.
And she laughs to hear me sneeze;
And she steals into my study.
And she turns my books awhirl. And her boots are always muddy That naughty little girl!

When she looks as she were dreaming
Of the angels in the air,
I know she's only scheming
How to slyly pull my hair;
Yes—why, I can't discover—
Spite of every tangled curl,
She's a darling, and I love her—
That name her ittile girl! That naughty little girl!

Train Up a Girl and Away She Goes. I cannot help but agree, says a writer in the Louisville Courier-Journal, with the dear old lady whom I once heard wanted no woman's rights except the right to be loved and cherished. Thomas Carlyle said on the subject of female emancipation: 'I have never doubted but that the true and noble function of a woman in the world was, and is, and for-ever will be, that of being a wife and helpmate to a worthy man, and dis-charging well the duties that devolve on her in consequence as mother of children and mistress of a household; duties, high noble, silently important as any that can fall to a human creature; duties which, if well discharged, constitute woman, in a soft, beautiful and almost sacred way, the queen of the world, and which, her natural faculties, graces and strength and weaknesses, are every way indicated as especially hers." The true destiny of a woman, therefore, is to wed a man whom she can love and esteem, and to lead noiselessly under his protection, with all wisdom and grace and heroism that were in her, the life prescribed in consequence.
When a woman is married God has

given her her work, and except in unusual cases her sphere is at home. Al-though I admire the time-worn simile of the oak tree and the clinging vine quite as much as the masculine advocates of the charming helplessness theory, yet I cannot help asking: "What about those vines that have no oak trees to cling to, or who have found the oak in which they trusted turn out a mere reed?" The case would be different could women always be cared for and protected by a stronger hand; but I have seen them after bearing and bringing up children compelled to assume the duties of the husband as well as the wife.

So here comes the point to educate and make self-supporting the daughters as well as the sons. The question is often asked: Can a woman engage in active business life and yet retain the charm of delicacy which is peculiarly hers? really refined and womanly woman will lose nothing of her charm, no matter what her pursuit or its surroundings. s an old and well-worn story that lemen make the best soldiers." and it is the woman trained to the greatest levelopment of all her powers, to warn, to comfort, to command, who will fill every relation in life best, and to this end it is necessary for girls to be not only ac complished, cultivated, attractive, but to be educated and trained so as to best fit them for whatever life may demand. It is for the general good of girls that they be taught self support, strength of mind, and independence of character. The young girl herself is the last person consulted.

Ambitious, loving parents want their daughters to shine in society and be the possessors of a few showy accomplishnents—a superficial run of things is all that is necessary—and there come, as we often see, reverses of fortune, and it is far sharper in their case than that of girls brought up differently. It is hard to give up the luxuries and the sweets of life, such a girl is entitled to great sympathies

because her sufferings are great. Women will be better daughters, wives, and mothers because of their faculties having been developed. Such lives as are led by too many girls are purposeless. I was reading a very sensible argument the other day, giving as a reason why so few women succeed, when obliged to labor, the fact that they take up almost any pursuit as a makeshift until something else (a possible husband or a rich friend or relative) renders work "unnecessary. Society is to blame for the false idea that it is degrading for a woman to earn her own living. In these enlightened days there are more avenues open to women and they have less to conend with than formerly. Any occupa tion which makes a woman less feminine is bad for her. While teaching is dis tinctly feminine, it is often a tension of brain and nerves. My heart alwas goes out to a teacher. I know so many noble women workers in that field, training ninds that will make the world better fo having them in it. I think a girl ough! o know the value of money, to be taught economy, and to learn to sew neatly, for whatever her rank in life, it will be practical benefit to her.

How to Get a Good Complexion. A physician in the Medical World gives the following advice to women for the improvement of their health and complexion: "For the present I prescribe only for your feet. First, procure a quantity of woolen stockings, not such you buy at the store under the name of lamb's wool that you can read a news paper through, but the kind that you Aunt Jerusha in the country knits fo you, that will keep your feet dry and warm, in spite of the wind and weather second, if you want to be thorough change them every morning, hanging the fresh ones by the fire during the the fresh ones by the fire during the night; third, procure thick calfskin boots, double uppers and triple soles, and wear them from October 1 to May 1; make frequent applications of some good oil blacking; fourth, avoid rubbers altogether, except a pair of rubber boots, which may be worn for a little time through the snow drifts or a flood of water; lifth, hold the bottoms of your feet in cold water a quarter of an inch deep

in cold water a quarter of an inch deep just before going to bed two or three minutes, and then rub them hard with rough towels and your naked hands; sixth, go out freely in all weathers, and, sixth, go out freely in all weathers, and, believe me, not only will your feet enjoy a good circulation, but as the consequences of the good circulation in the lower extremities your head will be relieved of all its fulness and your heart of all its palpitations. Your complexion will be greatly improved and your health "Never mind, dear; I'll tell you all about it in a moment."

flis pencil was fapidly at work. At last, fondly clasping her siender waist:

"Now, my darling, I've got it, and if you wish to know how much has passed through that adorable little mouth of

yours in the last seventeen years I can give you the exact figure." "Goodness gracious! What can you GAGS BOTH GRAVE AND GAY.

Half Hours Among the Wits and Wags of the Country.

of my life."
"But I don't want to hear." REMARKABLE DISCOVERY. Walt Whitman's Pension Poem-The

Statistical Lover and Munchausen's Successor-Where the Old Maids Come In, Etc. A Remarkable Discovery.

pass Of petroleum oil and of natural gas, How the pundits have learned after infinite That both those useful commodities, now on the market at prices varying with localities or the whims of syndicates,

Have you heard what has recently come

How they say that the collusks of seas of And the reptiles that basked on each nameless shore Died and were buried beneath the soil,

And that, in time, the intense heat of the earth, the great pressure, and other causes too numerous to mention, turned their fat into gas and oil?

are composed entirely of organic re-mains?

Which accounts for the different kinds of From the wells, be it fast or exceedingly slow, Some yellow, some black, and some rather murky, Depending on whether you observe the output at Petrolia, Canada, or in Penn-sylvania, or in Egypt, or South Carolina, or at the lately-opened wells in

Turkey. As to which oil is best is not easy to state, But the sayants are showing less zeal in debate, Since, though mollusks ranked first was maintained as a fact, till
Recently, an old lady who has made a study
of the subject, now says: "Mollusks
is good, megliosaurus is good, but, fur
a real stiddy light fur a kerosene
lamp, give me pterodacty!"

And how solemn the thought, as you sit by the lamp, You observe the remains of a monster whose

tramp Through the forests primeval re-echoed; and May have been an icthyosaurus, or a me-gatherium, or an iguanadon, or any-thing else in the big reptilian line on which you may pitch!

And it may be remarked on the subject in That there's nothing our scientists won't understand!

For science may halt, or, at times, may go But, in the slangy and altogether inexcusa-ble language of the average frivolous, thoughtless, and joyous young man of the period, it "gets there just the

Don't.

Don't.

Texas Siftings: Don't go to ted with cold feet unless they have been pickled and taken inwardly. Even then the healthiest tlan is to get a friend to take the pickled feet inwardly.

Don't lie on the left side too much—lie on the right side all you can, as it pays better. Be a mugwemp.

Don't unpout of bed immediately on awakening in the morning un'ess you are a knatic. No sane man ever jumped. are a lunatic. No sane man ever jumped out of bed immediately on awakening

except perhaps in a few isolated cases. Don't forget to take a drink of pure water before breakfast. If you are very thirsty during the night you can get up and empty the water pitcher, it settles things after the last night's scance, re-duces the size of the head, and, besides makes one appear like a temperance ad-

Don't take long walks on an empty stomach; if you want to take a stroll on a stomach at all try and find a an empty stomach, large enough you can take a ride upon it.

Don't start to do a day's Work without eating a good breakfast. Be sure to chew up the cofe properly. If you haven't got a good breakfast don't commence work till after dinner. Don't eat between meals, but, if any body invites you, it is healthler to take a drink. If you gethingry have the meals

oftener. Don't try to keep up on coffee when nature is calling you to bed; coffee is an uncomfortable thing to sleep on; a sack of flour or a quiet conscience would be Don't star d over hot-air registers, it is

tiresome. Unless the register is hot enough to be used as a branding-iron you might as well sit down on a register and Don't strain your eyes reading on an empty stomach. If, however, it is essen-

tial to your happiness to read on an empty stomach spread a copy of a newspaper over the vacant organ and read scandal calculated to depress the spirits of the sick; only tell the kind of scandal

that will raise a laugh. Get some back files of the English papers containing accounts of the Lady Campbell trial. Don't forget to cheer and gently amuse invalids when visiting them; tickle them under the nose with a feather, dance a ilg, sing a comic song, or do something that is light and convivial. If the invalid

objects and tries to throw things at you, ie him down in the bed. Don't talk your sick friend to death. It is easier to fracture his skull with a paper-weight; besides, you have no right to interfere with the prerogative of the

And finally: Don't worry yourself about other people's habits to the extent of making an ass of yourself. If you want to make yourself ridiculous write war articles for the magazine.

Walt Whitman's Pension Poem.

Congressman Lovering introduced a \$25 a month, and the "good, gray poet" may be supposed to "loaf and invite his soul" as follows:]

Whoever you are! You are he or she for whom the earth is solid and hquid: "Solid and liquid" is immense! Solid with the boys and liquid to every call of the yearing soul! yearning soul!
You are be or she for whom the sun and moon hang in the sky:
Which astronomic, fact I now make public for the prima!

For none more O. ... sec are the present and For none more than you is immortality!

For none more than you is immortantly?
Yet you are not one to contravene the eternal uses of the earth by attempting to get
a corner on the immortality market!
Each man to himself and each woman to herself is the word of the past and present
and the word of immortality.
No one can acquire for another—not one!
But, Lovering, you seem to be willing to try,
and by the Mystic Trumpeter I'll stay
with you till the incomprehensible freezes
over

Or we get that twenty-five a month, And don't you forget it! Getting Rid of a Statistical Lover.

A young English statistician, who was paying court to a young lady, thought to surprise her with its immense erudition. Producing his note book she thought he was about to indite a love sonnet, but was slightly taken aback by the following

"How many meals do you eat a day?" "Why, three, of course; but of all the oddest questions"

mean? "Now just listen," says he, "and you will hear exactly what you have been obliged to absorb to maintain those charms which are to make the happiness

"Ah, you are surprised, no doubt, but statistics are wonderful things. Just listen. You are now seventeen years old, so that in fifteen years you have absorbed oxen and calves, 5; sheep and lambs, 14; chickens, 327; ducks, 204; geese, 12; turkeys, 100; game of various kinds, 824; lishes, 160; eggs, 324; vegetables (bunches), 700; fruit(baskets), 603; cheeses, 103; bread, cake (in sacks of flower), 40; wine (bar-rels), 11; water (gallons), 3,000."

At this point the maiden revolted, and, jumping up, exclaimed: "I think you are very impertinent and disgusting besides, and I will not stay to listen to you!" upon which she flew into

He gazed after her with an abstracted gaze, and left, saying to himself:
"If she kept talking at that rate twelve hours out of twenty-four, her jaws would in twenty years travel a distance of 1,333,124 miles."

The maiden within two months married a well-to-do grocer who was no sta-

Acquainted With Munchausen. San Francisco Chronicle: I don't be-lieve lying ever reached such absolute perfection as in a man who came on the He could not be beaten on any proposi-tion. They got talking about gold mines and the Californian thought he knew a good deal about that subject. The stran-

good deal about that a good deal about that a gor was a mine owner.
"You should see my Peruvian mines,"
"You should see my Peruvian mines,"
"That's the place seen specisaid the traveler. That's the place where they have gold. I've seen specimens-specimens that ran up into the

hundreds of thousands."
"Well," said the Californian, "I have
myself a specimen of pure virgin gold."
"My dear boy, I've had a hundred specimens that beat virgin gold."
"Say!" said the Californian, "In your travels did you ever hear of a man named Baron Munchausen?" "Oh, yes. He owns the next claim to

> She Spoke One Word. "Speak but one word," he cried, And madly clasped her hand; Speak but one word, my love, And I shall understand.

> "I ask no sweet cares Of lovers when they part; I am content to wait.

Speak but one word, dear heart. "Mine is a trusting soul, I'mat rests its faith on thee: It asks no vows of love; Speak but one word to me.

"Speak! speak!" he cried, "and still My heart's wild pit-a-pats—" She looked into his eyes And softly whispered, "Rats!"

Shakespeare Too Much for the Jury Philadelphia Record: In a will case before a court and a rustic jury, Jere Black appeared as counsel for the youngest of three sisters, who sought to break the will on the ground that the elder two sisters had, with the assistance of his earned brother, the counsel on the other side, cajoled and coerced the dead father during his dying hours into signing a will giving them all his property and leaving his youngest daughter out in the cold. Black, who was young then, made a great speech to the jury, in which "King

Lear" very naturally appeared.
"Goneril was at that bedside, gentlemen of the jury," he exclaimed. "Regan was there. But where was Cordelia?" The jury remained out for some time. At last they came in, but the foreman reported that they could not agree. All of them except one man was in favor of the youngest sister, but the one man was not satisfied and could not be satisfied about what he thought was a flaw in the evidence.

'What is it?" asked the court of the obstinate juror. "Why, your honor," said the fellow, "if Mr. Goneril and Mr. Regan were present, as that lawyer said, why didn't he put them in the witness-box?"

He Took Her at Her Word. Washington Critic: "What kind of a man is Mr. Brown?" inquired a K street girl of an Ebbitt house belle. "Oh," was the indifferent reply, "he'll

do; but he has such queer notions of right and wrong." In what way? I always thought he was a man of excellent ideas in that rerd. Please explain, won't you?''
'Why, he wanted to kiss me the other

evening, and I told him it was wrong for him to do so. 'Well?" said the other, inquiringly. "Well, he believed me."

She Didn't Like Such Thin Jokes, "That girl doesn't speak to you any more, does she?" remarked one traveling man to another, as they passed a very pretty young woman on State street.
"No. She hasn't since last fall."
"What's the trouble?"

"I don't know exactly. You see we were out watching the bears in Lincoln park, and she noticed that there were two poles in one of the pits and asked me why they had more than one." 'And what did you say?'

"Why, I told her that it was probably to give the bears an occasional 'change of climb it.' She has never spoken to me since.

Nothing to Wear.

A lady last Spring went abroad for her health As well as for pleasure and fun; The purse which she carried was laden with

wealth,
But her garments were mostly homespun;
So she visited Paris and shopped every day,
Buying dozen of dresses while there;
But now, when she's asked to a ball she But now, when she's asked to a b will say, "Oh, dear, I have nothing to wear."

I went to a ball a few evenings ago,
And sat in the midst of a crowd,
This lady, arrayed—in the fashion I know
But I must say, my head with shame She seemed very proud as she stood on the

floor, Never minding men's insolent stare; She had spoken the truth-almost nothing You see, she had nothing to wear.

You Can't Fool a Congressman.
Peoria Transcript: The palmistry
craze has reached Washington. We understand that the member from the Tenth Illinois district was prevaled on to call on a professor to have his fortune told. "Let me see your hand," said the pro-fessor, "and I will tell you whether you are to be a rich or a poor man."

"Not much," replied Mr. Worthington.
"I can do that trick myself. Alt I want to know is what is in the other fellow's hand." hand. And Mr. W. walked away, muttering

for a chump. The Detroit Millionaire.

at the man who was trying to play him

Detroit Free Press: A small boy with his boot-box in hand stood looking at-tentively up Griswold street yesterday when he was asked: "What are you looking after sonny?"
"That millionaire in the keeridge."
"What's the matter with him?"
"He got out here and asked me to hole

his hoss. When he went away he didn' offer me no ten cents. "Perhaps he forgot it."

"That's what I'm puzzling over-whether he's absent-minded and will send me a check through the mail in a day or two, or whether he took me for another millionaire and didn't want to

hurt my feelings by offering me any money. It's purty hard to understand these high-up fellers, and the next one I get on to has got to pay cash down."

Surprising Ignorance. "Young man," he said in solemn tones, "don't you know that if you persist in drinking you will never get ahead in this

"Won't get ahead?" repeated the young man. "Why, my dear sir, your igno-rance surprises me. I'll have a head on me to-morrow morning as big as a bar-

Where the Old Maids Come In. "Do you know, sir," inquired an American tourist of his companion while doing England, "the reason for the fresh, healthful appearance of the English people? Their complexion is far superior to ours, or our countrymen over the herring pond."
"Well, I know what Professor 'Uxley

"And what reason does he advance?"
"Well, 'Uxley says it is all h'owing to
the h'old maids."
"Owing to old maids! You surprise me!"
"Fact. 'Uxley figures it out in this
way. Now you know the H'inglish are
very fond of roast beef?"
"But what has that to do mith all But what has that to do with old

"Go slow. The genuine H'inglish beef is the best and most nutritious beef in the world, and it h'imparts a beautiful com-"Wrll, about the old maids?"

"Yes; you see the h'excellence of this H'inglish beef is due h'exclusively to red clover. Do you see the point?"
"All but the old maids. They are not in sight as far as I can see," replied the

American with a sigh.
"Why, don't you see? This red clover is h'enriched, sweetened and fructified by bumble-bees." "But where do the old maids come in?" said the inquisitive American, wiping his

brow wearily,
"Why, it is as plain as the nose on your face. The h'only h'enemy of the bum-ble bee is the field mouse, which h'undermines and robs their nest." "But what have roast beef, red clover,

bumble-bees, and field mice got to do with old maids?" "Why, you must be very h'obtuse. Don't you perceive that the bumble bees would soon be h'exterminated by the

field mice if it were not for---' "Old maids!"
"No, if it were not for cats; and the h'old maids of h'old H'ingland keep the country thoroughly stocked up with cats, and so we can directly trace the h'effects of the rosy H'inglish complexions to the benign cause of H'inglish h'old maids; at least, that's what 'Uxley says, and that's just where the h'old maids come h'in. Science makes clear many mysterious

things, my H'american friend.

A St. Louis syndicate has purchased an immense tract of land in Mexico, and it is rumored that the first step will be to build a wall around it high enough to keep Jay Gould out.

It may be that a man can love but one woman in a lifetime, but if he doesn't get married too early he can have lots of fun trying to find out which woman it is tnat he can love.

A lady had some goods sent home, marked C. O. D. A little nine-year-old girl exclaimed: "I know what C. O. D. means: Call on dad." Which was singularly near the mark.

"And who was present when you were assaulted by the prisoner inquired Judge Powers of the complainant. "Who was Powers of the complainant. prisint during the assault, is it? then, bedad, your honor, I was prisint

A BAD CHURCH MOUSE.

He Ran Up Brother Jackman's Trousers During Meeting. New York Star: A church mouse, though proverbially poor, has never had its character for meekness questioned. It has never been even ninted that there were any unrighteous frivolities about him. He has been pitied for his poverty, facetiously alluded to as having a brave appetite, and some have even spoken in

contempt of his judgment in hanging

around a church anyway. But the mouse has borne it all in silence.

During services, when the congregation slept and the good minister went on in the even tenor of his sermon, the church mouse has come out and made friendly calls at the pews down the main aisle, as if looking for charity from the well-fed people. Nobody ever supposed that this lonely mouse would be so vicious as to break up a Methodist prayer meeting. These meetings are usually noted for their spirited charges upon the devil and his hosts, and the noise of this engagement is generally more than a poor

hurch mouse can conscientiously face.
But the White Plains mouse in the Methodist church there was not that kind of a mouse. When Brother Platt was praying in E sharp, and Brothers Romer and Cox and Jackman were encouraging him by frequent exclamations of approval away down in G. flat, the mouse came out to see what was going on. What he saw and heard no doubt affected his nerves,

and caused him to lose his head and his reckoning.
As the battle went on the mouse conluded that he must get under cover Taking the correct bearings for Brother Jackman's right trousers leg which gaped a welcome, the poor church mouse

When the mouse had turned the bend of Brother Jackman's knee, he exclaimed, "Oh, Lord!" in such a peculiar tone that it arrested the proceedings for a minute. When he supplemented this exclamation with the earthly remark, "Ouch!" and then "Oh, Heaven!" there was not a faint suspicion that Brother Jackman was not giving his undivided attention to the remarks which Brother Platt was uttering. When the eyes of Platt was uttering. When the eyes of the astonished brothers and sisters were rivoted upon Brother Jackman they beheld an excited young man standing fore them in a stooping condition, holding on to some real or imaginary substance, they were not certain which, on the inside of his trousers leg just above his knee. His face grew livid, and his breathing was quick and hard. His eyes were standing out like those of a snail,

and altogether he seemed perturbed.

Those of the more thoughtful and experienced brothers, who had seen the athletic exercises introduced by the "Brooklyn boys," vaguely suggested to themselves that this might be a rehearsal, but when Brother Jackman straightened up his manly form and shook his leg like a tidy cat when she gets her dainty foot wet, and the poor church mouse dropped out of the trouser's leg limp and flabby on the Axminster carpet, the sisters shrinked and the more mature.

ters shricked and the more mature brothers remarked: "Well, I swouw."

The poor little church mouse was dead.
There was no heart in the service after this awful discovery, and when Brother Platt had cut out a good section of his prayer and Brother Lull pronounced the benediction prayer meeting dissolved. And the poor little dead mouse was thrown out into the cold, cruel snow.

Labor Wasted.

"I notice," said a lady to a reporter for the Philadelphia Call, "that some fool man has invented a collapsing hat for ladies to wear to public entertainments. He might have saved himself his pains. Women wear high hats sim-ply because they are the fashion. Beauty or ugliness, comfort or convenience have nothing to do with the question. collapsing hat is not fashionable and that settles it. I don't know where our fashions come from or who sets them, but I know we don't. American women have nothing to do but blindly follow, and I tell you now in all scriousness, that all the talk in newspapers and the indignation of the public have not done a particle of good. The high hats will go when the fashion changes and not a day before.'

An Ape Taught to Wait on the Table. Court Journal: General Llorente, a planter in Florida, has trained a chimpanzee to wait at a table, and reports that his ape does the work of four negroes. wears a livery, carries his napkin under his arm and would be perfect but for a tendency to take toll of the sweets and nuts. M. Mennier assures us that in many cases apes have been successfully rained for household work.

2: JACOBZ OIL INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

#3-After a lapse of years statements confirming the efficiety of St. Jacobs Oil and its permanent cures, are given below.

From a Rheumatic Sufferer-1880-Cured. Hamburg, Berks Co., Penna.

I suffered from severe inflammatory rheumatism for about 4 weeks; physicians gave me no relief. I was confined to the house, limbs very much swellen, and had to crawl up and down stairs. After a few

applications the pain was gone, and a few more entirely cured me, ROLAND T. LEONARD.

From Same 6 Years Later-Permanently Cured. Hamburg, Berks Co., Pa., Oct. 19, 1886.
About six years ago I took sick with infammatory rheumatism and by using a few bottles of St. Jacobs Oll I was zutirely cured. I cheerfully duplicate my testimony to the grand, great and good effects of the Oil.

ROLAND T. LEONARD.

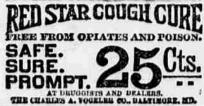
From a Deputy Sherilf—June, 1881—Cured.

Attleborough, Mass,
Last May I was laid up with acute rheumatism and confined to bed. I was teld
to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so and next day was well as ever, ELIJAH CAPRON, Deputy Sheriff.

From Same 5 Years Later-Permanently Cured. Attleborough, Mass., Nov. 19, 1886.

I had a sovere attack of acute rheumattsm so I could not take a step; was confined to bed. I tried everything to no purpose and at last tried St. Jacobs Oll. It cared take entirely and I cheerfully recommend it. ELIJAH CAPRON, Deputy Sheriff.

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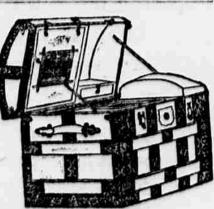
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